

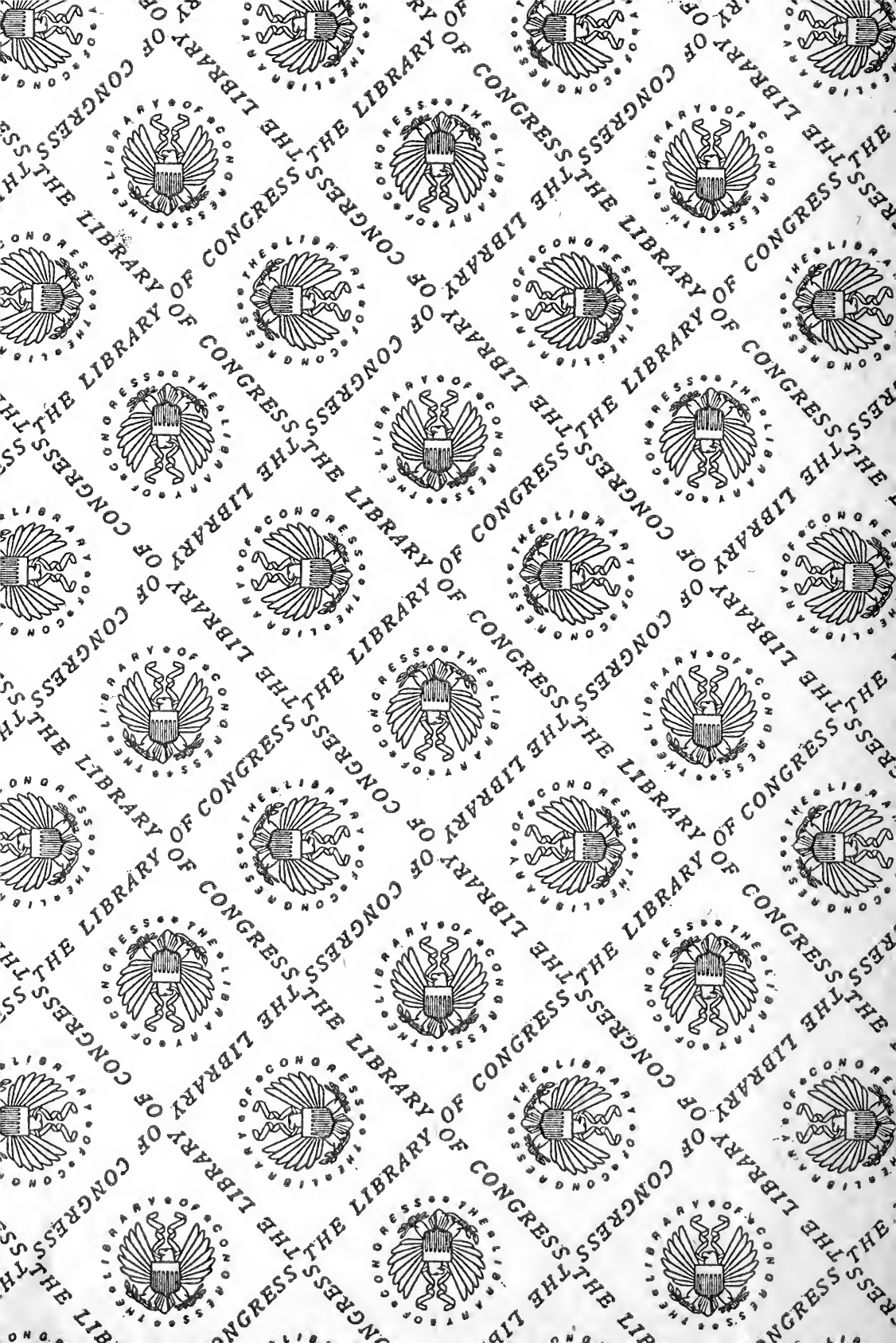
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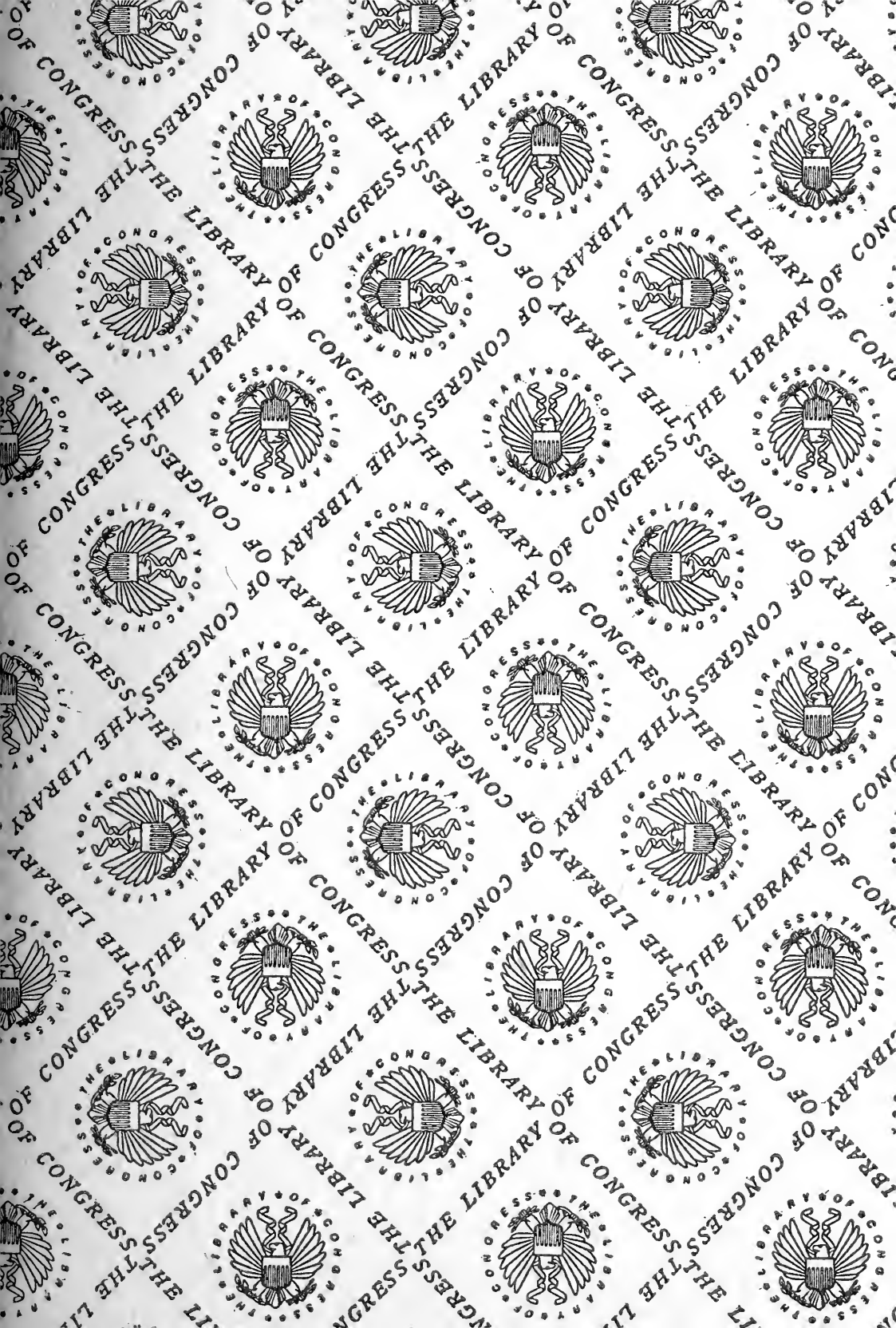
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The Potter's Clay

Poems

By

Mrs. Marie (Tudor) *Garland*

Author of "Hindu Mind Training"



G. P. Putnam's Sons

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THE POTTER'S CLAY

IF we could take the world and "shatter it to
bits"

And "mold it nearer to the heart's desire,"

What would we make of it?—

If we go back and view the hill

Which once was mountain,

And see the tiny stream which once was river,

And roam the wind-rent scrub of oak,

Which then our forest was,

We'd know we cannot turn and take again the
road we once were on,

Nor can we stay the moment as it comes.

Ahead we ever spy the further goal the heart
would seek;

We still would mold this life to suit the heart's
desire.

Ah no!

We soon would weary of the final thing we'd
made

And wish again we might remold the broken bits.

We all must take the clay just as it comes

And build our lives as best we may,

Ever changing, ever molding to fit us as we grow.

MIDNIGHT

UNTIL midnight Night will ride from Day,
Then will she hark toward the Dawn,
Riding fast—ever faster,
Until that moment of breathless passion,
When the two meet, and all the world is still—
As Night rides toward the Day,
So would I ride to you to-night in dreams.
Will you meet me in the dawn?

FIVE LONG SHADOWS

FIVE long shadows about the hill at sunrise,—
The fingers of Night clinging to the earth,
As it slipped beyond her grasp.

THEY FLUNG A WREATH OF THORNS

THEY flung a wreath of thorns upon her brow,
The festering mob, that lacked the souls of
men,

And looked to see her sinking from the blow,
Her spirit humbled in the dust, as when
A tree by wind or lightning is struck down;

Nor saw they in the crowd the one who tossed
The rose, now lodged within the torturing
crown

That tears her flesh. The message was not
lost;—

For see, her fainting limbs move now with
strength;

With head on high, with quivering lip and
breath,

She strides alone, along the world's wide length,
In fear of none, though hand in hand with
Death!

Her tears have made the rose of faith take
life,

Its blossoms creeping through the thorns of
strife.

TO HOPE

I WISH I were a dryad
Who lived within a tree,
On swinging branches ample
To hold just you and me.

We'd climb within the tree tops
And watch the sun ball roll
Across the world's blue mantle,
To a far distant goal.

From there we'd watch the moonbeams
That dance upon the sea,
And O, for us the treasure
Of sun and moon and tree!

DAWN

WHEN dawn came
Fleecy clouds caught the sunrise,
Nature, dripping from last night's rain,
Sparkled in the sunlight.
Everything in me hungered for life.

EVENING

The sun is low,
Shadows from the trees beyond trail across the
meadow,—
The closing of another day.
And life is still beyond the hills.

DAWN

LUMINOUS and fraught with untold beauty,
This new-born joy spreads its wings over me;
It holds me so close I can only feel,
As yet I cannot think, nor can I see.
In the memory of it my whole being quivers
In delight, and I am in ecstasy.

THE MILL

If the mill that grinds the corn should break,
The stream would still run on—and women
bake.

PASSION IS THE TORCH

PASSION is the torch that guides us to the
light,—

The music in our hearts,—our tears,

The pulse of time,

Our joy,—our pain.

It is the sunlight on the mountain,

The shadow in the vale,

Laughter rippling on the ocean,

The sob within the wave.

YOUR HEART STILL SPEAKS TO MINE

YOUR heart still speaks to mine across the
years

And tells me of the burden that it bears
Of final understanding, seen through tears,
Through sacrifice, through hope deferred. It
hears

The cry of passion wrung from both, that
wears

The heart away. And from this pain it rears
The altar of my faith, and light appears.

MY BOY

His eyes are wild and close to nature,
Understanding things unknown—
Things words never reach,
Things which are in us and beyond us—
All of beauty.

His features are perfect,
Like a young god's,
But it is the look
That startles you,
And holds you.

THE PULSE OF TIME

MARKING the pulse of Time,
Love is but the beating of unborn wings
Upon the door of Life.

EARLY MORNING

THE dawn comes creeping up the sky,
Seizing each tiny cloud
And tipping it with rose.
Eyes dance to meet the sunlight,
It is morning! early morning—
The glad day as yet untouched!
Robin carolling to robin
Captures all he can of joy,
Tossing note from bird to bird.
It is morning! early morning—
The day as yet untouched.
A soft, shy tremor sweeps along the bay,
Sea gulls soar to meet the coming tide,
The nostril quivers to the scent of salt and
 sea.
The heart is on the wing!
It is morning! early morning—
The glad day as yet untouched.

YOU LED ME HOME

FROM out the deep, from seeming sleep
The sea will rise, as mist, as cloud,
Will climb the hill, go further still
To other slopes than these—Who knows?
Perhaps in frost for years be lost
Upon some peak in foreign lands.
In glacial rôle at distant pole
Be locked and held long years to come—
In time with heat of sun will meet
Once more through change returning home
To earth, to rill, no moment still,
In bog or brook, in river, pool,
Or mountain stream. Though all may seem
Unalterable, as rain, as mist,
The mountain's shroud as fog or cloud,
In other form is ocean still,
Is still the sea, its destiny
Through change, to follow nature's law.

The torrent's flood is in our blood,
We feel it there, and thus we know
The joy of peace will never cease
While nature's calm can bring repose.
All life is one.

Murmuring brook,
Summer swollen sea, live on in me!
Dawn-tinted cloud, thy mystery
Is plain! Though now new born, we know
You must, transformed, soon pass away.
Last night you fell in rain, your spell
Wrought murmuring brooks to flooded
Torrents. Some days in other ways
You've come to us. Last year you were
A mother's pain; through change again
To other form became a joy.
In quiet skies the rainbow lies,
A harbinger of peace to man.
There mother's tears throughout the years
Bring hope to us—her pain, our joy.

Though it seem strange, all life is change.
The thrush's note I've heard full oft
In bubbling brook. In quiet nook
I've been the rose dew-kissed by you .
Though none might see, you've been the bee,
And I, the honey you have sought.
Once, at sundown, for lover's crown
Of joy we sang,—you were the thrush
And I the song. All summer long
At eventide, in sun, or storm,
We brought them joy, this girl and boy.
One time—long since—the lovers we
And they the bird and song we heard,
So brief is life in any form.

Soon bye and bye, though I am I
And you are you, you'll be the rose
And I the mist, and both sun-kiss'd
We'll melt away once more as one.
Though life be fleet, we two will meet
In other forms than these. I know
It's true, for when you held me, then
Within your arms, as lip met lip,
To other days, through many ways
You led me home—No love is new;
Out-living strife, it throbs through life.

THE DEITY

If we pick up a stone and say,
"God's not in this,"
We bind the deity that way.

PREROGATIVE

You shall not take my thought to tame,
And maim and bind it,
And crucify it here and there,
Where all may find it.
Give me all space in which to move,
And love and strive in,—
The universe as mine to know
And grow and live in.
Then, though I may not win my goal,
My soul perfected,
I shall have lived, known love and hate,
And fate subjected.

TAKE CARE

WHEN happiness comes knocking at your door,
Take care!

Much harder 'tis, a splendid joy to bear,
Than shoulder any sorrow that may come.
The world is full of many hungry souls,
Who've tasted neither happiness nor pain.

So we must all be patient and forbear—
We must go softly,
And take care.

THE HEART OF A CHILD

In wilderness wild,
Far out on the wold,
The heart of a child
Still sighs in the cold.

In proof death is known,
On hill and in vale,
From pine comes the moan,
The sough, and the wail.

While out by the sea,
In the light of the sun,
The world is a-gee,
And flowers make fun.

Where wantons the wind,
With blossoms at play,
The soul of a child
Is not far away.

A soul that is rife,
In hopeful increase,
Moves on to its life
Of freedom and peace.

THE FOG

THE Sun has gone his radiant way
But left, before he slipped away,
A world aflame—to hold and stay
The passing of another day.

From off the sea, along the deep,
A fog looms up and tries to sweep
The light away—as shadows reap
And bind the tired eyes in sleep.

THE SUN

As far as any eye could see
On hill and field, on bush and tree,
A wash of gold appeared, to be
What He had left as legacy.

BECAUSE I AM A WOMAN

JUST because I am a woman
I love the brute that's there in you,
I love you for your well of force,
The things that make you what you are.
Though I have strength, you're stronger far.
My weakness is my strength.—Of course,
I have a knowledge of what's true,

Just because I am a woman!—
If you were not the brute you seem,
The tenderness you now show me
Would lose all meaning. So your will,
Opposed to mine, must leave me still
More conscious of your mastery,
Though I may question it—I dream,
Just because I am a woman.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

IN youth we drink and taste life's joys,
And know them not for what they are—
We have not suffered and known pain.

IN manhood's strength we quench our thirst
From out the open sea of life.
Though much we have not understood,
The loss we've met, we've made our gain.

IN age, in quiet port we pause
To think. It's then we know youth's power
To do and dare, to strive, to win.

IF youth but knew; the open sea,
The quiet port are here. The strength
Of all the years within him lies.—
If youth but knew!

MARRIAGE

You, who have given me your name,
And with your laws have made me wife,
To share your failures and your fame,
Whose word has made me yours for life,

What proof have you that you hold me?
That in reality I'm one
With you, through all eternity?
What proof, when all is said and done?

In spite of all the laws you've made,
I'm free. I am no part of you.
But wait—the last word is not said;
You're mine, for I'm myself and you.

All through my veins there flows your blood,
In you there is no part of me.
By virtue of my motherhood
Through me you live eternally.

WEDDED

You knew of all that life would bring,
Who captured me in early spring,
 And tamed me to your will—
This joy that lives in me is you,
From out the heart of love it grew,
 Nor felt its life until
You came and stirred within my blood
These cherished thoughts of motherhood,
 My dream from day to day.
With this new life I bear in me,
I shall fulfill my destiny
 As only woman may.

SPRING

THE April moon its dream will bring,
And break for us the bonds of spring,
To note of flute and lyre.

Each year, when first new life I feel
Along my blood in music steal,

My mind is set on fire.

Each thought is a bacchante then,
A-dancing in a moonlit glen,

Mad of the old desire—

With piping from some dryad air,—
With grapes and garlands in the hair,

Drunk with a new delight.

Within a grove where Bacchus lay,
The cloven hoofs of satyrs play.

Beyond the realm of sight,

I seem to see a shaggy face,

Where oaken branches interlace

And break the moon's clear light,

And then it fades and leaves the lure
Of spring upon my eyes, more sure

Of shadows in a mist,

Than of these hornèd, shaggy things
Of mystery, which April brings

To keep her yearly tryst.

The things I feel and may not see,
Are part of this mad revelry
Of spring, now at its height.
Hark to the beating hoofs—a fawn!
Pan, piping at the gates of dawn!

GOBLIN HOURS

As some grey, creeping thing will win,
From chrysalis it had to spin,
 Its freedom to the light.
So goblin hours that I have passed,
Come forth in spring to live at last,
 And wing for my delight.

BIRTH

As Death, with grim,
Uncertain features hid
In formless clouds of night,
Slips in to draw unto himself
The spent and dying year, behold
The light, which from his invisible
Mantle now shines
Upon the new-born year,
Who comes with head erect and shining limbs.

WHEN I AM LOST AND SENSE DEFEAT

WHEN I am lost and sense defeat,
When from the beaten track I stray,
I find your arms of faith outstretched
For me; they bar and point the way,
My calumet.

CAPTAIN LAWRENCE E. L. OATES

FOR love of England—or for love
Of comrades in their Arctic quest,
He faced the end, his task to prove
To us that sacrifice is best.
To Scott he said, "I shall be long."
'Twas thus his spirit spoke aloud
The thought which led him from among
His mates within the tent,—most proud
To do his duty, and face sleep
Alone in that white world of snow.
With steadfast gaze he left them deep
In thought and grief to see him go.
For England,—as the curtain fell,
This thought sustained them all. For him,
Still held within the spirit's spell
Of sacrifice, their world grew dim:
Outside, that sea of whirling snows
Soon claimed him. He had done his part
For England, comrades, or, who knows?—
Perhaps for just a woman's heart.

THE SPIRIT

THE spirit has no resting place,
Nor bides within a prison cell,
Except when self builds up the walls,
Creating thus a self-made hell.

WOMAN'S FREEDOM

You of strength and indomitable will,
Show now your honest pride in woman, still
Your slave, and know her freedom is for you.
Though you are strong, there's greater strength
in two.

If there's a lesson in the past,
You know that she must win at last.
Freedom is the watch-word of the day,
Give then to her this freedom. Nay,
She'll not abuse it,—for if free
Through you, to you she'll owe her liberty.

THE KISS

YOUR kiss held all the passion of your man-
hood,

Intent to claim me for your own.

Your spirit spoke to you,

And then your kiss was as the touch of feathered
wings

That bear the tired child to rest.

It brought you peace, the peace that comes

By death and defeat, through birth triumphant,

Into the spirit's larger life.

WHAT'S BEEN

WHAT'S been nothing that happens can undo.
You came into my life so long ago,
It seems as though you always have been
there.
Twin hills down sweeping to the vale may
bear
Two different streams to join within the plain.
Though on their course they separate again
And flow divergent ways to reach the sea,
And bear two names and lose identity;
Still are they one, and one they'll always be,
Once merged like us, in perfect unity.

TO-DAY IS ENDLESS

To-DAY is endless, for to-day has been
For countless ages. Always will it be
The guerdon life allows, although
It fail to furnish us the mead
We seek. There's work to do. The seed
We plant to-day, we reap and sow;
And Time, the weaver at the loom, will see
To-morrow's thread weave in to-day unseen
By us. To-morrows are to-days-to-be
With just the shadow of a world between.
This day will live through all eternity.
To-morrow is a myth we never know,
A staff we soon must find a reed;
To-day's the only day that we should heed,
And fill with deeds of valour and endow
With all our heritage of sympathy,
And strength and force of will. With these
supreme
We'll build to-day to fit life's harmony.

HOMESPUN

THE thread of thought goes in and out,
And winds itself all round about.
It gathers in both mean and great,
Is never known to hesitate.

Weave in, weave out, weave round about,
Fear not to run the thread far out;
For every soul one gathers in,
Brings one new thread with which to spin.

TO ELIZABETH

BEFORE me lies the budding mystery
Of the rose-to-be. Its perfect beauty
Spells delight to me. Drawing from the sea
And sun and beauty of the world each day
It builds its own perfection. In this way
It takes, but, in the taking gives away
More than it takes of joy and mystery.

It's thus the bud becomes in time the rose,
As step by step I enter through the close
To reach its heart. And, after all, who knows
The wealth of meaning held within this heart,
As bee and moth come forth to do their part,
In sun or mist, as in and out they dart,
About the scented chalice of the rose?
With all its petals curled back to the sun,
Its heart revealed, it gives its life, no nun
Seclusion here, in giving takes but one
Thing needed to perfect another rose.

Within the compass of the tiny seed
Lie both the bud and rose. Deep in the sod
Through storm and frost, concealed within the
pod

This beauty hides. If here I seek for God,
Here shall I find Him, and here my creed,—
Within the compass of this tiny seed.

THE JOY I'VE HAD NO ONE CAN TAKE AWAY

THE joy I've had no one can take away—
When faith in man lies trampled by his lust,
And dreams set in the west and turn to grey,
And hope's fair flowers wither in the dust;
When all life's work comes crashing to the
ground,
And I am prostrate, crushed beneath this
weight,
And hear from them that stand about no
sound
Of human love and pity, when all is hate
And Satan reigns alone, there comes a dream—
A glorious bacchanal of life, as real
As when, long since, joy lived in me supreme.
It all comes back to me,—it comes to heal.

MY HEART FARES SOUTH

My heart fares south to-night,
On wings of dream . . .
There, where the spring new-born
Is sweet with scent of earth
And fragrant flowers,
My spirit wanders,
And I dream. . . .

Soon the spring grown brave
Will northward creep to me,
With warm and tender hands
She'll feel her way along the hills,
Trailing, as she comes, her mantle green,
Wrought with jasmine and cherry bloom.
Her touch will wake the earth,
A thousand springs will live again in her—
A thousand springs in me make answer.

SPRING'S LONG IN COMING

SPRING's long in coming, so I go to meet her,
And find she holds her tryst with you.
I wonder if I really sought and missed her,
Or went, as spring, in search of you.

WHERE WHITE SAILS DRIFTED WITH THE TIDE

WHERE white sails drifted with the tide,
Along the margin of the sea,
Great gulls and sea-mews called and cried,
Weaving uninterruptedly
Between the blue of sea and sky,
Their feathered flight of destiny.

A sound wave starting from a cry,
A darting plunge into the sea,
In circles make their way from there
To break at last on rock and tree,
And from the deep a message bear
Of consecrated unity.

So every act and thought of ours,
Flung heedless will precipitate
Wave after wave with virgin powers,
As ringèd messages of hate,
Or love. A thought which is our own,
Though never uttered, flies as free
On wings of night to worlds unknown,
As any cry of liberty.

THERE IS A CALL I HAVE NOT
ANSWERED

THERE comes to me a sense of something new,
Which is beyond and yet a part of me.
There is a force which grows within me,
Yet is not all my own.
A thirst for life I have not tasted,
A hunger for a world unknown.
This strength within me draws me with an urge
Along an unseen road.

My breasts now curve to fit the crescent moon,
And fill with aching promise which they hide.
The swelling tide in me is like a pent-up stream
Whose gathered force is thrown back on itself.
There is a call I have not answered,
A way I do not know,
There is a dream beyond the present dream,
Which lures me on with unseen wings,
And I must go.
The sky has never been so blue,
Nor clouds charged past as these clouds do.
The bird note from the wood
Now springs from out the heart of Nature,
The note from which all music

46 A CALL I HAVE NOT ANSWERED

Has its birth, and lo,
I hear it echo in the gurgling stream;
Where other steps have never been before,
It bids me follow. I hear it calling,
And I go.

GIVE BACK TO SUN AND EARTH WHAT
THEY HAVE GIVEN ME

WHEN Death shall come to lead me by the
hand
And guide me to a fuller life beyond,
Give back to sun and earth what they have
given me!

Shall I, who loved the sun
And sought the truth
With all its hidden beauty,
And loved all forms of life—
The sun and moon and sea—
The riot of all colour,
Which sang to me in muted music,
Be coffined in a narrow cell,
And deep in earth be laid?
Must I lie there and wait
For creeping worms to drag
This clay back to the light and sun?

I know somewhere there surely lies a tree
Whose heart has stored for many years
The warmth and glory of the sun;
O Tree, let us go quickly back together!

48 GIVE BACK TO SUN AND EARTH

Set free in one great glowing fire,
That portion of us which will win back to the
 sea!

I have so loved the trees and flowers,
I want what once held me
To live again among the birds and bees,
As dew and mist and shower,
With these to find the sun and life and truth.
And let our ashes seek again the earth,
Where wind and rain may carry them
To serve again in every form of life.
These things I leave behind
Were given me by earth but for a time,
That I make manifest in me
Life's perfect unity.

SUN AND MOON

'Twas the ardour of the sun that broke
For you the bonds of maidenhood,
And set within your eyes those stars
As lighted lamps of womanhood
To lead the hungry to your door,
That sought for comfort of your ways.
The moon, as lover's guide, soon gave
Her monthly tide to sway in you
And lead you on to motherhood.

FULL MOON

THE moon is full,
Sea flooding,
Sap flowing,
The moon is full,
My thoughts winging,
My man wooing,
The moon is full.

THERE WHERE THE SEA

THERE where the sea enwrapt
A strip of land and wind-swept dune,
Where nature was quiescent in the glimmering
Noonday sun of early June,—
The placid sea lay shimmering
In a mist of blue,
From which the sky now drew
Its wealth of hue and colour;
One heard but the deep breathing of the ocean,
As it breathed along the shore in even motion.
Among the pines and listless of the scene,
Atthis and Alcæus lay,
Within the heart of each a hunger
For the unknown gift of life.
Here from day to day
They met and dreamed away
The soft unfolding days of spring,—
Now turning to the summer.

Alcæus: I am faint with all the fire
In my blood,
And I would plunge into the quiet blue,
And lose all sense of time and you.

Atthis: I too, would plunge
And swim with you!

Doffing her robe, the maid
Stood in her beauty,
Calm and sure and unafraid,
The sinuous splendour of her limbs,
A silent symphony of curving line,
Which reached its final note
In breast and rounded throat.
He had not known that flesh could be so fair;
Each movement which she made
Wove o'er his sense a deeper spell,
Her beauty swept him like a flame
And caught him unaware.
She looked into his eyes, then dropping hers
Before that burning gaze,
Softly turned and crept with sunlit shoulders
Down among the boulders,
To the sea.
Secure within its covering depth
She called to him to follow.

She led him out along the tide,
With swift unerring stroke,
Nor paused till he was at her side.
With conquering arm
He seized her and from her brow
Tossed back the dripping locks, and sought her
lips—

Her eyes laughed into his,
Then closed,—
As all her body yielded to his kiss.
Then home he bore her to the shore,
Within his heart a song of triumph;
In hers, a new-born joy of womanhood.
So spring for them passed on to summer.

THE GATHERING MIST IS FALLING

THE gathering mist is falling now in drops
Which cluster fast and turn to rain.
Shall each of these poor drops
That falls, a separate life maintain,
And deem its individual self
A thing which must appear again?
Shall these first drops not be a group
Together, and increasing form a rill
That wanders on in gathering force
To make the brook—which gaining still
In strength shall form a river,
And flow back to the sea, to serve one will?

SANDY NECK

A STRETCH of sand dunes in a sapphire sea
Are topped with wind-rent scrub of bush and
tree,
Or, naked as the sea,
Clear-cut against the sky
Rise in their nudity.
They form an outstretched arm along the shore
That holds within its grasp in sheltering fold
A mile of emerald marsh and shallow bay.
In constant struggle with the sea
This arm fights on for its identity;
In storm it shifts and takes,
It gives and thereby makes
Its wall against the sea.
Gathering here with full Atlantic sweep
The northeast wind in winter carves these
dunes
In deep curved drifts like snow, with here and
there
A tree protruding. Some are topped with soft
Beach grass, green scarab-hued, seen now in
tune
With the warm yellow ochre of the dunes,
Piled high against a sky Italian blue.

Alone on Sandy Neck I always find
An echo to my mood, to all of life.
Of life and death's release,—
Its all consuming strife,
Its joys' and pains' surcease.
The past, the present, and the future here
Converge for me in act and thought, to be
The intrusive moment of infinity.
I face alone the earth and sky and sea,
And look with timeless eyes on destiny.

“I DID NOT THINK TO TOUCH THE SKY
WITH THESE TWO ARMS.”

SAPPHO, 37.

TILL now your message has been lost—
They tell us still you perished in the sea,
Because you could not find the perfect love.
Ah, Sappho! that same flame which burned
In you, in Lesbos, long ago, now burns in me;
Your meaning finds at last an echo!

You lay in Lesbos on your nuptial bed,
And reached your arms up to the sky,
You found within their compass, holding you,
Was all your dream of heaven.—

WE TRACE OUR LOVE ON ALL THE
SANDS OF TIME

WE trace our love on all the sands of time;
Love lives in every land and every clime.
We know love lived before the world began,—
Love lived on earth before there was a man.
The ages tell the countless loves of earth;
In us we find love has not had its birth,
As if love's life were all lived in to-day,
Love now lives on in me. It is love's way—
So all love's life in me solution gives,
To all the love that was, and love that lives.

THE UNBORN SPRING IS STRUGGLING IN THE WOMB

THE unborn spring is struggling in the womb
Of Time. All life awaits the coming birth.

Within the tree the sap, leaving its tomb,
Renews its ageless flow 'tween earth and sun.
The sea, in answer to the call to-day,
And the full moon, attain their fullest flood;
Desires awake, I dream, while in my blood
The timeless urge of love directs my way.

O MOON, FULL MOON

MOON, Full Moon,
I answer to your rune,—
Your ageless rune,
 Of spring.
My thought an endless sea in flood,
A shimmering flood
 Of spring.

O Moon, Full Moon,
I crave of you a boon—
A boon
 Of spring.
In some form, wake me ever to the lure,
The ancient lure
 Of spring.

And Moon, Full Moon,
Let love be ever at its noon,
When I awaken—the timeless noon
 Of spring,
And make the waking sure,
As ever life is sure
 Of spring!

NATURE GAVE TO US THE SPRING

NATURE gave to us the spring,
Primarily to know,
If we would have her come,
We first must see her go.

If beauty we would win,
And hold it ever near,
We must go forth and seek
The rainbow in the tear.

HERMIT THRUSH

HARK, from the wood's melodious flute
That first clear liquid note,
Long sustained
Of summer!
You mean so much to me, shy hermit
Of the woods,
O messenger of joy!
From out your speckled throat
All music surely has its birth
In that clear, crystal note
Which bursts upon the ear,
Clearly calling, "Joy!—I'm here!"
Your first, full, rapturous note
Is like the colour in the crystal
When first the sun it catches,
With sparkling notes that follow
Dancing, in prismic flashes.

First herald of the morning
In that long, liquid note of joy,
Buoyant, sportive, pealing,
The last to sing the closing note at vespers,
Plaintive, sweet, and full of depth
And feeling.

You fling your song out as a call,
You sing that in this life there's passion,
Pain and suffering—
But over all is joy!

Joy!

Joy!

There's joy enough for all!

THOUGH I AM PROSTRATE, WEEPING

THOUGH I am prostrate, weeping mother's
tears,
And feel that there can be
No greater loss—
No pain to equal mine,
I know full well that somewhere else
Are many hearts rejoicing,
And wedding bells are pealing.
A bride trips home,—
Somewhere a child is singing,
Though I weep.

WHEN I AM RADIANT

WHEN I am radiant in my joy,
And feel no happiness outstrips my own,
When friends and life conspire
To pour into my lap
Their countless blessings,
And all my heart's a song,—
I know that somewhere in the world
A child is dying,
A mother weeps,
And I know too that she'll be comforted—
Some newborn strength will come to her,
And joy once more will lead her by the hand.
It may then be when joy goes out to her
That I shall weep.

LET BIRTH RECEIVE ITS DUE OF SANCTITY

BECAUSE her husband's tauntings drove her
wild,
She tried to end the shame, and sinned in
this,
Killing her first-born boy, a nameless child.
The law demands she give her life for his—
But in six months there'll be another birth.
They stay the sentence, so, this hell on earth.
And is there then no higher law than justice?

Can any beauty spring from out of life,
When we allow such things as this to be?
Why should a woman change her name as
wife?
If she find courage to maintain she's free
To keep her name, and give it to her son,
Thus shall the freedom of the child be won,
And birth receive its due of sanctity.

O HAPPINESS ILLUSIVE

O happiness illusive,
Will o' wisp with gaudy wing,
Why now are you intrusive,—
What message do you bring?

Would you tempt me far afield,
And lure me on to capture?
What's beneath your painted shield,
Some new, some untold rapture?

I must make my chrysalis.
Here I'll stay and learn to spin,
And later, forth from this
My happiness to win.

Go your way, you will o' wisp,
I will take what life may bring,
You cannot tempt me, will o' wisp,
Will o' wisp, with gaudy wing.

IF ONLY LOVE WERE UNDERSTOOD

GRIM hunger holds us in its grip to-day,
And many think the need is but for bread,
But comfort may not come that simple way
To those who weep and count their many
dead.

There is a hunger of the heart laid bare
Through want of love—the love which has its
part
In making life complete and whole. Our share
Of life should be to feed the human heart.

We may not rob it ever of its right,
And look to see life blossom as it should.
The hunger which is now exposed to sight
Would cease if only love were understood.

WHEN NATURE GATHERS TREASURE

WHEN nature gathers treasure for our use,
And with her boundless blessings makes us rife,
We give no heed to her, we take her gifts,
Misusing them, we call them Birth and Life.

But when she comes again to claim her own,—
What still is hers,—we think her then a thief,
We feel she has no right to ask of us—
And will not understand this Death and Grief.

OVER THE SURGING SEA OF MEADOW

OVER the surging sea of meadow,
Wind-tossed like spray,
Comes the song of the bobolink.

I WOKE ONE DAY

I WOKE one day, and deemed myself alone,
For Joy had slipt out silent in the night—
It seemed most strange to me that she had
 gone,
For I had thought that she was mine by right.

She left me a companion, cold and grim,
One known as Death—no peace from whom I
 won
Until the time when I could see in him
That Joy and Life and Death, though three, are
 one.

THEY CAME TO TELL ME IN THE NIGHT

THEY came to tell me in the night,
That death had claimed you for its own.
How may this be when now the light
Is in the sky, and flowers grown
By you still bloom, and toss the head?
How may this be, if you are dead
And death to these is still unknown?

Out in the wood the birds all sing,
They sing of life, not death,—I see
No sign that joy has folded wing—
I cannot feel your death to be
The end. You live on every side,
Your prison cell has opened wide.
No longer bound, you now are free!

LIFE

WHEN Life comes in the sunlight, hood tossed
back,
With eye and lip revealed, a saucy boy,
With fun and laughter playing all about,
He stands before us then revealed as Joy.

But when he comes to us in clinging cloak,
All bent and saddened, crouching like a thief,
Features concealed beneath a sable hood,
The name we then would know him by is Grief.

I SAILED WITH ALL THE ARDOUR OF MY YOUTH

I SAILED with all the ardour of my youth,
And took my chance upon life's troubled sea;
I steered my bark out to the sunny south,—
My sails as bright as any eye could see.

There was no ship that carried hope like mine.
No greater courage leapt to every wave;
Zephyr and hurricane alike were wine
To me,—there is no fear when youth is brave.

But galleys chased that they might capture me,
And sought to haul my standard from the
breeze,
And so they sent their ship, *Adversity*,—
To seize my bark, and bring me to my knees.

And then I woke to find that I was bound,—
To all the sophistry of life a slave,
A galley slave until I courage found
To break my bonds and leave that living grave.

AS I PASSED DOWN THE MARBLE HALL

As I passed down the marble hall to-day,
There where I saw her first on bended knee,
She scrubbed the floor, ashamed, and glanced
my way—

Her look a challenge to my finery—
Then smiled with me, and knew that once
before
She'd worn fine jewels,—I had scrubbed a floor;
To both there came deep-rooted sympathy.

THIS SACRIFICE TO BEAUTY

SHALL any flower which has graced my hall
Be thrown out with the rubbish by the wall?
It's true that beauty fades but from it springs
New beauty. Beauty ever flies on wings;
So all spent flowers on my hearth shall burn,
And when at evening from the fire I turn,
This sacrifice to beauty that seemed best
Will greet me in the glory of the west.

PERHAPS

You named the star that formed the Dipper's
rim,

To be the symbol of our love—a whim
Perhaps—yet when you loved me long ago,
And taught me all of love through you to
know,

You knew that if I raised my lips to this—
This loving cup of life, full to the brim,
That they would meet your own—a lover's
kiss

Perhaps,—a joy the years could never dim.

ONE LONE NIGHT I DREAMED

ONE lone night I dreamed I was a sea-mew,
 Circling my way in an ambient sky,
To dip and dive into the ocean's blue,
 And, in my dream, no happier soul than I.—
I wakened at a call, plaintive and shrill,
Which broke in fog along the wind-swept hill,
 My heart, the echo of the sea-mew's cry.

WE WOMEN WHO HAVE LOST A CHILD

We women who have lost a child
Through death have joined a sisterhood
That binds us each to each. Though wild
The way we've come and dark the wood,
The path while drear leads on to light.
As heart goes out to heart we sight.
Through grief a world-wide motherhood.

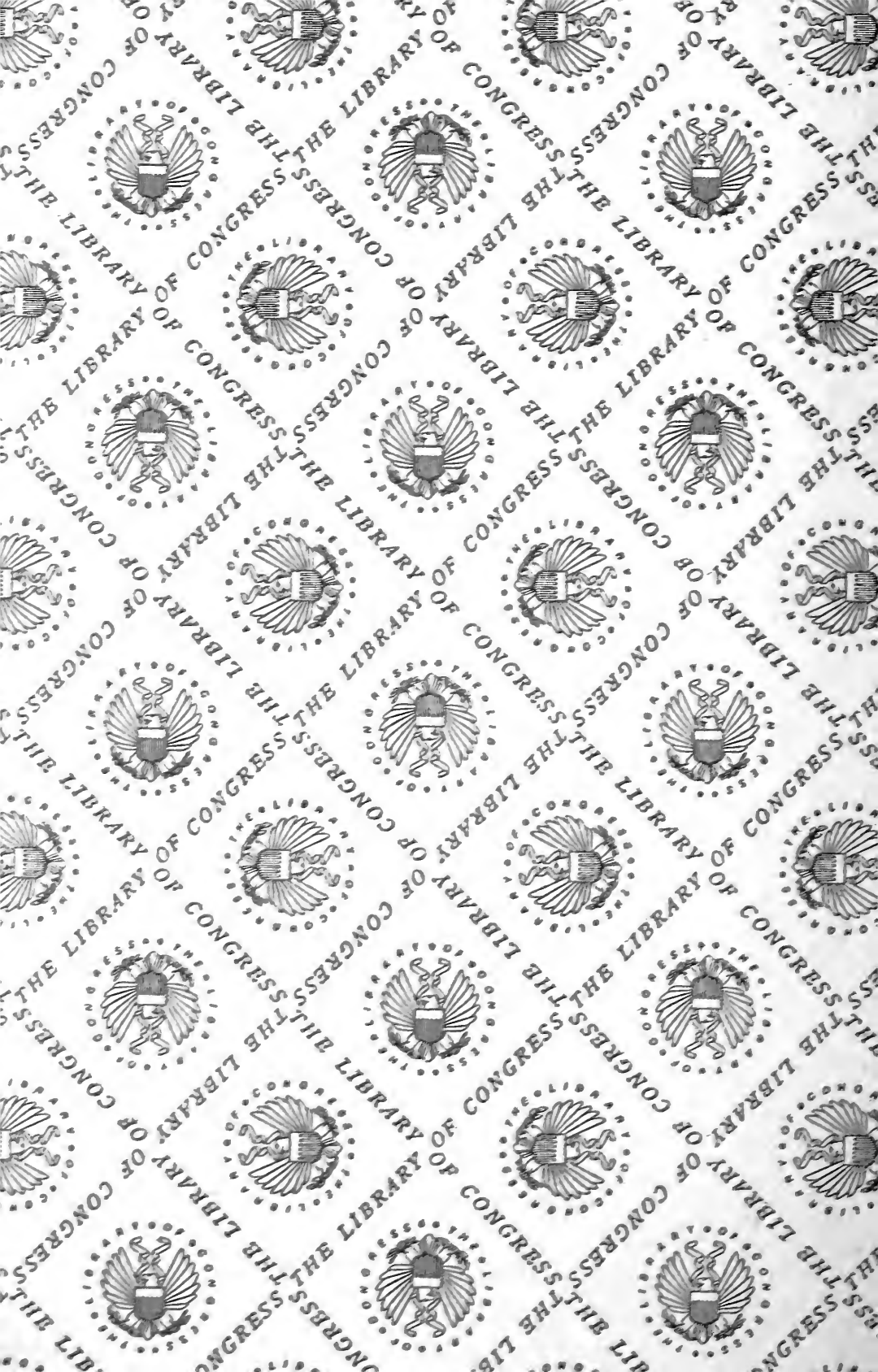
So every loss will bring its gain,
And bind us closer soul to soul.
In time we understand that pain
Is but the sunlight on the goal,
Which guides us through the way of strife
To broader and to fuller life,
Where we are conscious of the whole.

WHO SING OF KISSES AND OF LOVES

Who sing of kisses and of loves,
And passion whence they spring,
Have never known my love, which proves
Their own the lesser thing.

When my small girl and I must part,
Though brief her clasping be,
There is no passion-flowered heart
That blooms like hers for me.

In my son's arms while resting still
Against his heart, my bliss
Exceeds your own . . . I could not thrill
So to a lover's kiss.



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